

THE
1578/567A
LOTTERY.

A

F A R C E.

As it is Acted at the THEATRE-
ROYAL in DRURY-LANE,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

The FIFTH EDITION.

E D I N B U R G H:

Printed for J. REID Bookseller in LEITH.

M DCC LV.



PROLOGUE.

Spoke by Mr. CIBBER jun.

*AS Tragedy prescribes to Passion Rules,
So Comedy delights to punish Fools ;
And while at nobler Game she boldly flies,
Farce challenges the Vulgar as her Prize.
Some Follies scarce perceptible appear
In that just Glass, which shews you as you are.
But Farce still claims a magnifying Right,
To raise the Object larger to the Sight,
And shew her Insect Fools in stronger Light. }
Implicit Faith is to her Poets due,
And all her laughing Legends still are true.
Thus when some Conjurer does Wives translate,
What dull affected Critick damns the Cheat ?
Or should we see Credulity profound,
Give to Ten thousand Fools, Ten thousand Pound ;
Should we behold poor Wretches horse away
The Labour of a Twelve-month in a Day ;
Nay, should our Poet, with his Muse agog,
Show you an Alley-Broker for a Rogue,
Tho' 'tis a most impossible Suggestion,
Faith ! think it all but Farce, and grant the Question.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Mr. Stocks,</i>	<i>Mr. Harper.</i>
<i>Jack Stocks,</i>	<i>Mr. Cibber, jun.</i>
<i>First Buyer,</i>	<i>Mr. Berry.</i>
<i>Second Buyer, a Hackney Coachman,</i>	<i>Mr. Mullart.</i>
<i>Lovemore,</i>	<i>Mr. Stoppelaer.</i>
<i>Whisk,</i>	<i>Mr. R. Wetherilt.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Chloe,</i>	<i>Miss Raftor.</i>
<i>Mrs. Stocks, Sister-in-law to Stocks,</i>	<i>Mrs. Wetherilt.</i>
<i>Jenny,</i>	<i>Miss Williams.</i>
<i>Lady,</i>	<i>Mrs. Oates.</i>

Servants, &c.

S C E N E, L O N D O N.

THE LOTTERY.

SCENE I.

Mr. STOCKS alone.

AIR I. Set by Mr. S E E D O.

A LOTTERY is a Taxation,
Upon all the Fools in Creation ;
And Heav'n be prais'd,
It is easily rais'd,
Credulity's always in Fashion :
For Folly's a Fund,
Will never lose Ground,
While Fools are so rife in the Nation.

[Knocking without,

Enter 1st BUYER.

1 Buyer. Is not this a House where People buy Lottery Tickets ?
Stocks. Yes, Sir, — I believe I can furnish you with as good
Tickets as any one.

1 Buyer. I suppose, Sir, 'tis all one to you, what Number a Man
fixes on.

Stocks. Any of my Numbers.

1 Buyer. Because I would be glad to have it, Sir, the Number of
my own Years, or my Wife's ; or if I cou'd not have either of those,
I wou'd be glad to have it the Number of my Mother's.

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Stocks. Ay, or suppose now, it was the Number of your *Grand-mother's*?

1 Buyer. No, no! She has no Luck in *Lotteries*: She had a whole *Ticket* once, and got but fifty Pounds by it.

Stocks. A very unfortunate Person, truly. Sir, my Clerk will furnish you, if you'll walk that way up to the Office. Ha, ha, ha!—There's one 10000*l.* got.—What an abundance of imaginary rich Men will one Month reduce to their former Poverty! [Knocking without.] Come in.

Enter 2d BUYER.

2 Buyer. Does not your Worship let *Horses*, Sir.

Stocks. Ay, Friend.

2 Buyer. I have got a little Money by driving a Hackney-Coach, and I intend to ride it out in the Lottery.

Stocks. You are in the right, it is the way to drive your own Coach.

2 Buyer. I don't know, Sir, that—but I am willing to be in *Fortune's* way, as the Saying is.

Stocks. You are a wise Man, and it is not impossible but you may be a rich one—'tis not above—no matter, how many to one, but that you are this Night worth 10000*l.*

A I R II. Free-Masons Tune.

‘ Here are the best *Horses*,
‘ That ever ran Courses,
‘ Here is the best Pad for your Wife, Sir;
‘ Who rides one a Day,
‘ If Luck's in his way,
‘ May ride in a Coach all his Life, Sir.

‘ The Sportsman esteems
‘ The Horse more than Gems,
‘ That leaps o'er a pitiful Gate, Sir;
‘ But here is the Hack,
‘ If you sit but his Back,
‘ Will leap you into an Estate, Sir.

2 Buyer. How long a Man may labour to get that at work, which he can get in a Minute at play!

A I R III. Black Joke.

‘ The Soldier, in a hard Campaign,
‘ Gets less than the Gamester, by throwing a Main,
‘ Or dealing to Bubbles, and all, all that:

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‘ The stoutest Sailor, every one knows,
‘ Gets less than the Courtier, with cringing Bows,
‘ And, Sir, I’m your Vassal, and all, all that :
‘ And Town-bred Ladies too, they say,
‘ Get less by Virtue, than by Play ;
‘ And dowdy Joan
‘ Had ne’er been known,
‘ Nor Coach had been her Ladyship’s Lot,
‘ But for the black Ace, and all, all that.

And belike you, Sir, I wou’d willingly ride upon the *Number* of my Coach.

Stocks. Mr. Trick, let that Gentleman the *Number* of his Coach —
[Aside.] No matter whether we have it or no. — As the Gentleman is riding to a Castle in the Air, an airy Horse is the properest to carry him. [Knocking hard without.] Heyday! this is some Person of Quality by the Impudence of the Footman.

Enter LADY.

Lady. Your Servant, Mr. *Stocks*.

Stocks. I am your Ladyship’s most obedient Servant.

Lady. I am come to buy some *Tickets*, and hire some *Horses*, Mr. *Stocks*. — I intend to have twenty *Tickets*, and ten *Horses* every Day.

Stocks. By which, if your Ladyship has any Luck, you may very easily get 30 or 40000 *l.*

Lady. Please to look at those Jewels, Sir — they cost my Lord upwards of 6000 *l.* — I intend to lay out what you will lend upon ‘em.

Stocks. If your Ladyship pleases to walk up into the Dining-Room, I’ll wait on you in a Moment.

Enter PORTER.

Well, Friend, what’s your Busines?

Porter. Here is a Letter for you, an’t please you.

Stocks. [Reading]

‘ Brother *Stocks*,

‘ **H**ERE is a young Lady come to lodge at my House from the Country, has desired me to find out some one who may instruct her how to dispose of 10000 *l.* to the best Advantage; I believe you will find her worth your Acquaintance; she seems a mere Novice, and I suppose has just receiv’d her Fortune, which is all that’s needful from

Your affectionate Brother,

TIM, STOCKS.

Very

Very well.—It requires no other Answer than that I will come.
[Knocking hard without.] Heyday! more People of Quality—

[Opens the Door.]

Enter JACK STOCKS.

Ha!

J. Stocks. Your Servant, Brother.

Stocks. Your Servant, Brother.—Why, I have not seen you this age.

J. Stocks. I have been a Man of great Business lately.

Stocks. I hope your Business has turn'd to a good Account.—I hope you have cleared handsomly.

J. Stocks. Ay, it has turn'd to a very good Account.—I have clear'd my Pockets, Faith!—

Stocks. I am sorry for that—but I hope you will excuse me at present, dear Brother.—Here is a Lady of Quality stays for me; but as soon as this Hurry of Business is over, I thou'd be very glad to—drink a Dish with you at any Coffee-house you will a_point.

J. Stocks. Oh! I shall not detain you long; and so to cut the Affair as short as possible, I desire you wou'd lend me a Brace of Hundreds.

Stocks. Brother!

J. Stocks. A Brace of Hundreds! 200*l.* in your own Language.

Stocks. Dear Jack, you know I wou'd as soon lend you 200*l.* as one, but I am at present so out of Cash, that—

J. Stocks. Come, come, Brother, no Equivocation: 200*l.* I must have, and will.

Stocks. Must have, and will!—Ay, and shall have too, if you can get 'em.

J. Stocks. Sdeath! you fat Rascal; what Title had you to come into the World before me?

Stocks. You need not mention that, Brother; you know, my Riches, if I have any, are owing to my Industry; as your Poverty is to your Laziness, and Extravagance—and I have rais'd myself by the Multiplication-Table, as you have undone yourself at the Hazard-Table.

J. Stocks. That is as much as to say, I have undone myself like a Gentleman, and you have rais'd yourself like a Pickpocket—Sirrah, you are a Scandal to the Family, you are the first Tradesman that has been in it.

Stocks. Ay, and the first that has been worth a Groat in it. And tho' you don't deserve it, I have thought of a Method to put you in a way to make you the Second. There, read that Letter. [J. Stocks reads it to himself] Well, Sir, what say you to 10000*l.* and a Wife?

J. Stocks. Say! that I only want to know how to get them..

Stocks. Nothing so easy.—As she is certainly very silly, you may depend upon it, she will be very fond of a Lac'd Coat and a Lord—Now I will make over both thole to you in an Instant—My Lord Lace hath pawn'd his last Suit of Birth-night Clothes to me; and as I intend

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intend to break before he can redeem 'em——The Clothes and the Title are both at your Service——So, if your Lordship pleases to walk in, I will but just dispatch my Lady, and be with you.

J. Stocks. If I can but nick this time, Ame's Ace, I defy thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter LOVEMORE.

What a Chace has this Girl led me? However, I have track'd her all the way, till within a few Miles of this Town——If I start her again, let her look to't——I am mistaken, or she began to find her Passion growing too violent, before she attempted this Flight——and when once a Woman is fairly wounded, let her fly where she will, the Arrow still sticks in her Side.

A I R IV. *Chloe* is false, but still she is charming.

‘ Women in vain Love’s powerful Torrent,
‘ With unequal Strength oppose;
‘ Reason, a while, may stem the strong Current,
‘ Love still at last her Soul o’erflows.
‘ Pleasures inviting,
‘ Passions exciting,
‘ Her Lover charms her,
‘ Of Pride disarms her;
‘ Down, down she goes.

Enter WHISK.

So *Whisk*, have you heard any News?

Whisk. News, Sir! ay, I have heard News, and such as will surprise you.

Love. What! no Rival, I hope.

Whisk. You will have Rivals enough now, I suppose——Why, your Mistress is got into a fine Lodging in *Pall-Mall*——I found her out by meeting that Baggage her Maid in the Street, who wou'd scarce speak to me. I follow'd her to the Door; where, in a very few Minutes, came out such a Procession of Milliners, Mantua-makers, Dancing-masters, Fidlers, and the Devil knows what; as I once remember at the equipping a Parliament-Man's Country Lady, to pay her first Visit.

Love. Ha! by all that's infamous, she is in Keeping already; some Bawd has made Prize of her as she alighted from the Stage-Coach——While she has been flying from my Arms, she has fallen into the Colonel's.

A I R

A I R V. Set by Mr. S E E D O.

How hapless is the Virgin's Fate,
 ' Whom all Mankind's pursuing;
 ' For while she flies this treach'rous Bait,
 ' From that, she meets her Ruin.

So the poor Hare, when out of Breath,
 ' From Hound to Man is prest,
 ' Then she encounters certain Death,
 ' And 'scapes the gentler Beast.

[Exeunt.

Enter Chloe, and Jenny.

Chloe. Oh *Jenny!* mention not the Country, I faint at the Sound of it——there is more Pleasure in the Rattling of one Hackney-Coach, than in all the Musick that Romances tell us of singing Birds, and falling Waters.

A I R VI. Set by Mr. S E E D O.

Farewel, ye Hills and Valleys;
 ' Farewel, ye verdant Shades;
 ' I'll make more pleasant Sallies,
 ' To Plays and Masquerades.
 ' With Joy, for Town I barter
 ' Those Banks where Flowers grow;
 ' What are Roses to a Garter?
 ' What Lilies to a Beau?

Jenny. Ay Madam——wou'd the 10000*l.* Prize were once come up.

Chloe. Oh, *Jenny!* be under no Apprehension. It is not only from what the Fortune-teller told me, but I saw it in a Coffee-dish, and I have dreamt of it every Night these three Weeks.——Indeed, I am so sure of it, that I think of nothing but how I shall lay it out.

Jenny. Oh, Madam! there is nothing so easy in Nature, in this Town, as laying it out.

Chloe. First of all, *Jenny*, I will buy one of the best Houses in Town, and furnish it.——Then I intend to set up my Coach and Six, and have six fine tall Footmen.——Then I will buy me as many Jewels as I can wear.——All sorts of fine Clothes I'll have too.——These I intend to purchase immediately: And then for the rest, I shall make a Shift, you know, to spend it in Housekeeping, Cards, Plays, and Masquerades, and other Diversions.

Jenny. It is possible you may.——She has laid out Twenty thousand of her Ten already.

Chloe.

Chloe. Well, I shall be a happy Creature.— I long to begin, methinks.

A I R VII. In *Perseus and Andromeda*.

‘ Oh what Pleasures will abound,
 ‘ When I’ve got ten thousand Pound !
 ‘ Oh how courted I shall be !
 ‘ Oh what Lords will kneel to me !
 ‘ Who’ll dispute my
 ‘ Wit and Beauty,
 ‘ When my golden Charms are found ?
 ‘ O what Flattery,
 ‘ In the Lottery,
 ‘ When I’ve got ten thousand Pound !

An’t I strangely alter’d in one Week, *Jenny*? Don’t I begin to look as if I was born and bred in *London*, already? Eh! does not the nasty red Colour go down out of my Face? Han’t I a good deal of pale Quality in me?

Jenny. Oh, Madam! you come on gloriously.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam! here’s one Mr. *Spadille* at the Door.

Chloe. Mr. *Spadille*! Who is that?

Jenny. It is your Ladyship’s *Quadrille* Master, Madam.

Chloe. Bid him come another time— I an’t in a humour to learn any thing more this Morning—I’ll take two Lessons to-morrow tho’ —for they tell me one is not qualify’d for any Company, till one can play at *Quadrille*.

Serv. Mr. *Stocks* the Broker too, Madam, is below.

Chloe. Oh! that’s the Gentleman who is to dispose of my Ten thousand Pound for me—desire him to walk up. Is it not pretty now to have so many Visitants? Is not this better than staying at home for whole Weeks, and seeing none but the Curate and his Wife, or the Squire?

Jenny. It may be better for you, than seeing the Squire; for, if I mistake not, had you stay’d many Weeks longer, he had been a dangerous Visitant.

Chloe. I am afraid so too—for I began to be in love with him, and when once a Woman’s in love, *Jenny*—

Jenny. Lud have Mercy upon her!

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A I R VIII. Set by Mr. S E E D O.

Chloe. ‘ When Love is lodg’d within the Heart,
 ‘ Poor Virtue to the Outworks flies ;
 ‘ The Tongue, in Thunder, takes her Part,
 ‘ She darts in Lightning from the Eyes.
 ‘ From Lips and Eyes with gifted Grace,
 ‘ In vain we keep out charming Sin ;
 ‘ For Love will find some weaker Place
 ‘ To let the dear Invader in.

Enter STOCKS.

Stocks. I had the Honour of receiving your Commands, Madam.

Chloe. Sir, your humble Servant — Your Name is Mr. Stocks, I suppose.

Stocks. So I am call’d in the Alley, Madam ; a Name, tho’ I say it, which wou’d be as well receiv’d at the bottom of a piece of Paper, as any He’s in the Kingdom. But if I mistake not, Madam, you wou’d be instructed how to dispose of 10000*l.*

Chloe. I wou’d so, Sir.

Stocks. Why, Madam, you know at present Publick Interest is very low, and private Securities very difficult to get — and I am sorry to say it, I am afraid there are some in the Alley who are not the honestest Men in the Kingdom. In short, there is one way to dispose of Money with Safety and Advantage, and that is — to put it into the Charitable Corporation.

Chloe. The Charitable Corporation ! pray, what is that ?

Stocks. That is, Madam, a Method invented by some very wise Men, by which the Rich may be charitable to the Poor, and be Money in Pocket by it.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, here is one my Lord Lace desires to know if you are at home.

Chloe. Lord Lace ! Oh Gemini ! who’s that ?

Stocks. He is a Man of the first Quality, and one of the best Estates in the Kingdom : Why, he’s as rich as a *Supercargo*.

Enter JACK STOCKS, as Lord LACE.

J. Stocks. Bid the Chair return again an Hour hence, and give Orders that the Chariot be not used this Evening — Madam, I am your most obedient humble Servant — Ha ! Egad, Madam, I ask ten thousand Pardons, I expected to have met another Lady.

Stocks. I suppose your Lordship means the Countess of —

J. Stocks. Ay, the Countess of *Seven Dials*.

Stocks.

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J. Stocks. She left these Lodgings this Day-Se'nnight, my Lord, which was the Day this Lady came into 'em.

J. Stocks. I shall never forgive myself being guilty of so great an Error; and unless the Breath of my Submission can blow up the Redundancy of your Good-nature, till it raise the Wind of Compassion, I shall never be able to get into the Harbour of Quiet.

Stocks. Well said, Faith —— the Boy has got something by following Plays, I see. [Aside.]

Chloe. Is this one of your proud Lords? Why, he is ten times more humble than the Parson of our Parish.

J. Stocks. Ha! and are you then resolved not to pardon me! Oh! it is now too late; you may pronounce my Pardon with your Tongue, when you have executed me with your Eyes.

A I R IX. Set by Mr. S E E D O.

Chloe. ‘ Alas, my Lord, you’re too severe,
‘ Upon so slight a Thing;
‘ And since I dare not speak for fear,
‘ Oh give me Leave to sing.
‘ A Rural Maid you find in me,
‘ That Fate I’ve oft deplo’r’d;
‘ Yet think not I can angry be,
‘ With such a noble Lord.

J. Stocks. Oh ravishing! exquisite! Ecstacy! Joy! Transport! Misery! Flames! Ice! How shall I thank this Goodness that undoes me!

Chloe. Undoes you, my Lord!

J. Stocks. Oh Madam! there is a hidden Poison in those Eyes, for which Nature has no Antidote.

Jenny. My Lord has the same Designs as the Squire, I fear, he makes Love too violent for it to be honourable. [Aside.]

Chloe. Alas, my Lord! I am young and ignorant —— tho’ you shall find I have Sense enough to make a good Market. [Aside.]

J. Stocks. Oh Madam! you wrong your own Charms. —*Mr. Stocks,* do you send this Lady the Diamond Ring you have of mine to set. — Shall I beg you wou’d honour it with wearing? It is a Trifle, not worth above 3000 l. — You shall have it again the Day after we are married, upon Honour. [Aside to Stocks.]

Stocks. It shall be sent to your Lordship’s Order in three Days time — which will be after you are married, if you are married at all. [Aside to him.]

Chloe. Indeed, my Lord, I know not what to say.

J. Stocks. Nor I neither, rat me! [Aside.] Say but you will be mine.

Chloe. You are too hasty, Sir. Do you think I can give my Consent at first Sight?

J. Stocks. Oh! it is the Town way of Wooing; People of Fashion never see one another above twice before Marriage —

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Stocks. Which may be the Reason why some of 'em scarce see one another above twice after they are married.

J. Stocks. I wou'd not presume to ask such a Thing, if I were not pressed by Necessity. For if I am not married in a Day or two, I shall be obliged to marry another whom I have promis'd already.

Chloe. Nay, if you have been once false, you will always be so.

A I R X. Set by Mr. S E E D O.

' I've often heard
 ' Two Things aver'd
 ' By my dear Grandmamma,
 ' To be as sure
 ' As Light is pure,
 ' As Knavery in Law.
 ' The Man who'll prove
 ' Once false to Love,
 ' Will still make Truth his Scoff;
 ' And Woman that
 ' Has—you know what,
 ' Will never leave it off.

Stocks. I see, Madam, this is a very improper Time for Business, so I'll wait on your Ladyship in the Afternoon.

J. Stocks. Let me beg Leave, Madam, to give you a little Advice. I know something of this Town.—Have nothing to do with that Fellow, he is one of the greatest Rogues that ever was hang'd.

Chloe. I thought, my Lord, you had spoke just now as if you had employ'd him too.

J. Stocks. Yes, Madam, yes,—the Fellow has some 40 or 50000 l. of mise in his Hands, which, if ever I get out, I give you my Honour, if I can help it, I'll never see his Face again. But as for your Money, don't trouble yourself about it, leave the Disposal of that to me — I'll warrant I find Ways to lay it out.

Enter LOVEMORE.

Lovem. My *Chloe!* Ha! can you turn thus disdainful from me?

Chloe. Sir, I know you not.

Lovem. Not know me! And is this the Fellow for whom I am unknown? this Powder-puff —— Have you surrend'red to him in one Week, what I have been Ages in soliciting?

J. Stocks. Harkye, Sir, —— whoever you are, I wou'd not have you think, because I am a Beau, and a Lord, that I won't fight.

Lovem. A Lord! Oh! there it is! the Charms are in the Title. — What else can you see in this walking Perfume-shop, that can charm you? Is this the Virtue, and the Virtue that you have been thund'ring in my Ears? 'Sdeath! I am distracted! that ever a Woman shou'd be Proof against the Arts of Mankind, and fall a Sacrifice to a Monkey.

A I R

A I R XI. *Son Confuso.*

' Some confounded Planet reigning,
 ' Must have mov'd you to these Airs ;
 ' Or could your Inclination
 ' Stoop so low,
 ' From my Passion,
 ' To a Beau ?
 ' Blood and Thunder !
 ' Wounds and Wonder !
 ' Can you under-rate me so ?
 ' But since I, to each Pretender
 ' My Pretensions must surrender,
 Farewel all your Frowns and Scorns ;
 ' Rot me, Madam, I
 ' Wish my Rival Joy !
 ' Much Joy ! much Joy of his Horns.
 ' Zounds ! and Furies ! can I bear it ?
 ' Can I tamely stand the Shock ?
 ' Sure — ten thousand Devils
 ' Cannot prove
 ' Half such Evils,
 ' As to love.
 ' Blood and Thunder !
 ' Wounds and Wonder !
 ' Who'd be under
 ' Woman's Love ?

A I R XII. Set by Mr. S E E D C.

Chloe. ' Dear Sir, be not in such a Passion,
 ' There's never a Maid in the Nation,
 ' Who wou'd not forego
 ' A dull Squire for a Beau ;
 ' Love is not your proper Vocation.
Lovem. ' Dear Madam, be not in such a Fury,
 ' For from St. James's to Drury,
 ' No Widow you'll find,
 ' No Wife of your Mind.
Chloe. ' Ah hideous ! I cannot endure you.
 ' Ah ! see him — how neat ?
 ' Ah ! smell him — how sweet ?
 ' Ah ! hear but his honey Words flow ;
 ' What Maid in her Senses,
 ' But must fall into Trances,
 ' At the Sight of so lovely a Beau !

J. Stocks. Ha, ha, ha ! we are very much oblig'd to you, Madam.
 — Ha, ha ! — Squire Noodle, faith you make a very odd sort
 of a ridiculous Figure, Ha, ha !

Chloe. Not worth your Lordship's Notice.

Lovem. I wou'd advise you, my Lord, as you love the Safety of that pretty Person of yours, not to let me find it at my Return; for if I come within the Smell of your Pulvilio, I will so metamorphose your Beauship——

J. Stocks. Impudent Scoundrel!

Chloe. I am frighten'd out of my Wits, for I know he is very Je-sperate.

J. Stocks. Oh, Madam! leave me to deal with him; I'll let a little Light thro' his Body.

Chloe. Ah! but my Lord! what will be the Consequence of that?

J. Stocks. Nothing at all, Madam—— I have kill'd half a Dozen such dirty Fellows, and no Notice taken of it:

Chloe. For my sake, my Lord, have a care of yourself.

A I R XIII. Set by Mr. S E E D O.

'Ah think, my Lord! how I should grieve,
 ' To see your Lordship hang'd;
 ' But greater still my Fears, believe,
 ' Lest I should see you hang'd.
 ' Ah! who cou'd see,
 ' On Tyburn Tree,
 ' You swinging in the Air!
 ' A Halter round
 ' Your white Neck bound,
 ' Instead of Solitaire.

J. Stocks. To prevent all Danger, then, let us be marry'd this instant.

Chloe. Oh fy! my Lord; the World will say I am a strange forward Creature.

J. Stocks. The World, Madam, might be saucy enough to talk of you, if you were marry'd to a private Gentleman—— but as you will be a Woman of Quality, they won't be surpris'd at any Thing you do.

Chloe. People of Quality have indeed Privileges, they say, beyond other People; and I long to be one of them.

A I R XIV. White Joak.

' Oh how charming my Life will be,
 ' When Marriage has made me a fine Lady!
 ' In Chariot, six Horses, and Diamonds bright,
 ' In Fanders Lace, and 'broidery Clothes,
 ' O how I'll flame it among the Beaus!
 ' In Bed all the Day, at Cards all the Night.

' O! how

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‘ O ! how I’ll revel the Hours away !
‘ Sing it, and Dance it, Coquette it, and Play ;
‘ With Feasting, Toasting,
‘ Jesting, Roasting,
‘ Rantum Scantum, Flanting Janting,
‘ Laughing at all the World can say. [Exit.

Jenny. This is something like—there is some Mettle in these *London* Lords.—Our poor Country Squires will always put us to the Blush of consenting—these Sparks know a Woman’s Mind before she speaks it. Well, it is certainly a great Comfort to a Woman, who has done what she shou’d not do, that she did it without her own Consent.

Enter LOVEMORE.

Lovem. Ha ! flown ? Mrs. *Jenny*, where’s your Mistress ?

Jenny. My Mistress, Sir, is with my Master.

Lovem. Damnation ! Where ? Shew me this Instant, and——

Jenny. And what ? It is surprising to me how a Man of Mr. *Lovemore*’s Sense shou’d pursue a Woman who uses him so ill——when, to my certain Knowledge, there is a Woman in the World has a much juster Notion of his Merit.

Lovem. Harkye, Mrs. *Minx*, tell me where your Mistress is, or I’ll squeeze your little Soul out.

Jenny. Oh, Murder ! Murder ! help ! Murder !

Enter Mrs. STOCKS.

Mrs. Stocks. Heyday ! what’s the Matter ? Who is this committing Murder in my House ? who are you, Sir ? What Rascal, what Thief are you, Sir ? Hey !

Lovem. This must be the Bawd, by the Politeness of her Language. [Aside.]——Dear madam, be not in such a Passion ; I am no bilking younger Brother ; and tho’ I’m no Lord, you may find me a good Customer, and as good a Paymaster as any lac’d Fop in Christendom.

Mrs. Stocks. Sir, I keep no Shop——nor want any of your Custom——What has he done to you, Child ? [To *Jenny*.]

Jenny. He has done nothing to me, indeed, Madam, only squeez’d me by the Arm, to tell him where my Mistress was.

Mrs. Stocks. And what have you to do with her Mistress ?

Lovem. Why Faith, I am like to have nothing to do with her Mistress, without your good Offices.——Lookye, Mother, let me have the Fift of her, and here are 500 l. at your Service.

Mrs. Stocks. What does the Saucebox mean ?

Lovem. Ha ! ha, ha !



The L O T T E R Y.

AIR XV. Set by Mr. S E E D O.

- When the Candidate offers his Purse,
‘ What Voter requires what he meant ?
- When a great Man attempts to disburse,
‘ What little Man asks his Intent ?
‘ Are you not then ashamed,
‘ When my Mistress I’ve nam’d,
‘ And my Purse I’ve pull’d out,
‘ Any longer to doubt
‘ My meaning, good Mother ?

Mrs. Stocks. Mother ! — Oh that ever I should live to see this Day ! — I that have escap’d the Name of a Whore in my Youth, to be call’d a Bawd in my old Age — Sirrah, Sirrah, the Mother that bore you was not an honest Woman.

Enter JACK STOCKS, and CHLOE.

J. Stocks. What’s the Matter, Mrs. Stocks ?

Mrs. Stocks. Oh, Madam ! had you heard how I’ve been abus’d upon your Account — here’s a filthy Fellow has offer’d me Money to —

Chloe. What, dear Madam ?

Mrs. Stocks. To procure him your Ladyship — dear Madam. —

J. Stocks. Sir, I desire you wou’d omit any farther Solicitations to this Lady, and on that Condition, I forgive the past. This Lady is now my Wife,

Lovem. How ! Is this true, Chloe ?

Chloe. Even as you have heard, Sir.

J. Stocks. Here’s a Fellow won’t take a Lord’s Word for a Wife !

Lovem. Henceforth, I will never take a Woman’s Word for any Thing.

J. Stocks. Then I wish you’d take yourself away, Sir.

Lovem. Sir, I shall take the Liberty of staying here, because, I believe my Company is disagreeable to you.

J. Stocks. Very civil, faith ! — Come, my Dear, let us leave this sullen Gentleman to enjoy his Spleen by himself.

Chloe. Oh my dear Lord ! Let us go to the Hall to see the Lottery drawn.

J. Stocks. If your Ladyship pleases. — So, dear Squire, adieu.

[Exit Jack Stocks and Chloe.

Lovem. I’ll follow her still, for such a Coxcomb of a Husband will but give her a better Relish for a Gallant. [Exit.

Jenny. And I’ll follow you still, for such Usage from one Mistress, will give you the better Relish for another. [Exit.

S C E N E III. GUILD-HALL.

COMMISSIONERS, CLERKS, SPECTATORS, MOB, &c.

1 Mob. What, are they not drawing yet ?

Stocks. No, but they’ll begin presently.

AIR

AIR XVI. *South-Sea Ballad.*

Stocks. ' The Lottery just is beginning,
 ' 'Twill soon be too late to get an Estate,
 ' For *Fortune*, like Dames fond of sinning,
 ' Does the tardy Adventurer hate.
 ' Then if you've a Mind to have her,
 ' To-day with Vigour pursue her,
 ' Or else To-morrow,
 ' You'll find to your Sorrow,
 ' She's granted another the Favour,
 ' Which To-day she intended for you.

1 *Mob.* Never tell me, *Thomas*, it is all a Cheat; what do those People do behind the Curtain? There's never any Honesty behind the Curtain.

2 *Mob.* Harkye, Neighbour, I fancy there is somebody in the Wheels that gives out what Tickets he pleases; for if you mind, sometimes there are Twenty Blanks drawn together, and then two or three Prizes.

1 *Mob.* Nay, if there be twenty Blanks drawn together, it must be a Cheat; for, you know, the Man where I hired my Horses told me there was not quite ten Blanks to a Prize.

2 *Mob.* Pox take their Horses! I am sure they have run away with all the Money I have brought to Town with me.

1 *Mob.* And yet it can't be all a Cheat, neither; for you know Mrs. *Sugarsops* of our Town got Twenty Pound.

2 *Mob.* Ay, you Fool; but does not her Brother live with a Parliament-Man?

1 *Mob.* But he has nothing to do with the Lottery, has he?

2 *Mob.* Ah, Laud help thee! — Who can tell what he has to do with it?

1 *Mob.* But here's Mrs. *Sugarsops* herself.

Enter Mrs. SUGARSOPS.

Sug. How do you, Neighbour *Harrow*?

2 *Mob.* Ah! Mrs. *Sugarsops*! you are a lucky Woman.

Sug. I wish you would make your Words good.

2 *Mob.* Why, have not you got Twenty Pound in the Lottery?

Sug. Ah Lud! that's all rid away, and Twenty Pounds more to it.—Oh! 'tis all a Cheat; they let one get a little at first, only to draw one in, that's all. I have hired a Horse To-day, and if I get nothing by that, I'll go down into the Country To-morrow.

1 *Mob.* I intend to ride no longer, nor Neighbour *Graze* here neither ——He and I go halves in a Ticket To-day.—See here is the Number.

Sug. As I live, the very Ticket I have hired myself!

2 *Mob.*

2 *Mob.* Nay, that cannot be. It may be the same Number perhaps, but it cannot be the same Ticket, for we have the whole Ticket for ourselves.

Sug. I tell you, we are both cheated.

Irishman. Upon my Shoul it is very brave Luck, indeed; the Deel take me but this will be brave News to carry back to *Ireland*.

1 *Mob.* Ay, there's he that has got the Five thousand Pound which came up To-day.

2 *Mob.* I give you Joy of the Five thousand Pound, Sir.

Irishman. Ah Honey! Fait I have not got it as yet—but upon my Shoul I was within a Ticket of it, Joy.

3 *Mob.* I hope your Worship will take care that my Horse be drawn To-day, or To morrow, because I shall go out of Town next Day.

Stocks. Never fear, Friend.

Sug. You are a fine Gentleman, to let me the same Ticket you had let before to these Men here.

Stocks. Pshaw! Madam, it's impossible; it's a Mistake!

Sug. Here is the Number, Sir, it is the same on both Papers.

Stocks. Ha! why Mr. Trick has made a little Blunder here indeed!

However, Madam, if it comes up a Prize you shall both receive it.—Ha, ha, ha! d'ye think my Horses won't carry double, Madam?—This Number is a sure Card, for it was drawn a Blank five Days ago.

[*Aside.*]

Enter COACHMAN.

Coach. Oh Sir, your Worship has let me a very lucky Horse, it is come up Twenty Pound already. So if your Worship would let me have the Money—

Stocks. Let me see, Tickets are this Day Nineteen Pound, and your Prize is worth Eighteen Pound, Eighteen Shillings; so if you give me Two Shillings, which are the Difference, we shall be quit.

Coach. How, Sir! how!

Stocks. Upon my Word, Friend, I state the Account right.

Coach. Oh the Devil! and have I given Three Pound for the Chance of losing Two Shillings more?

Stocks. Alas, Sir! I cannot help ill Fortune.—You have had ill Luck; it might have come up a Hundred, or a Thousand, or Ten Thousand.

Coach. Ten Thousand! — Ten Thousand Devils take you all, Oons! if I can but once get a Stock-jobber into my Coach, if I don't break his Neck! —

A I R XVII. Buff-Coat.

‘ In all Trades we've had

‘ Some good, and some bad,

‘ But a Stock-jobber has no Fellow;

“ To

The L O T T E R Y.

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‘ To Hell who wou’d fally,
‘ Let him go to *Change-Alley*,
There are Fiends who will make his Soul bellow.
‘ The Lawyer who’s been
‘ In the Pillory seen,
‘ While Eggs his Complexion made yellow:
‘ Nay, the Devil’s to blame,
‘ Or he’ll own to his Shame,
‘ That a Stock-jobber has no Fellow.

Enter J. STOCKS, and CHLOE. Commissioners advance to open the Wheels.

J. Stocks. Well, my Dear, this is one of the most unaccountable Rambles, just after Matrimony! ——but you shall always find me the most complaisant of Husbands.

Chloe. Oh! my Lord! I must see all the Curiosities; the Tower, and the Lions, and *Bedlam*, and the Court, and the Opera.

J. Stocks. Yes, yes, my Dear, you shall see every thing. —— But the Devil take me, if I accompany your Ladyship. I think I will not talk to her of her Fortune before To-morrow Morning. [Aside.]

Chloe. I will not mention the Ten Thousand Pound before it’s come up: It will be the prettiest Surprise! [Aside.]

J. Stocks. So, the Lottery is going to begin Drawing.

A I R XVIII. Now ponder well, ye Parents dear.

1 *Procl.* ‘ Number One Hundred Thirty Two!
2 *Procl.* ‘ That Number is a Blank.
1 *Procl.* ‘ Number One Hundred Ninety Nine!
2 *Procl.* ‘ And that’s another Blank.

1 *Procl.* ‘ Number Six Thousand Seventy One!
2 *Procl.* ‘ That Number Blank is found.
1 *Procl.* ‘ Number Six Thousand Eighty Two,
2 *Procl.* ‘ Oh! that is Twenty Pound.

1 *Mob.* Oh! ho! are you come? I am glad to find there are some Prizes here.

A I R XIX. Dutch Skipper. Second Part.

1 *Procl.* ‘ Number Six Thousand Eighty Two,
2 *Procl.* ‘ Is Twenty Pound, is Twenty Pound.
1 *Procl.* ‘ Number Six Thousand Eighty Two,
2 *Procl.* ‘ Oh! that is Twenty Pound.
‘ You see ‘tis all fair
‘ See nothing is there, [Pointing to the Boys, who
‘ The Hammer goes down, hold up their Hands.
‘ Hey Presto! be gone,
‘ And up comes the Twenty Pound.

Chorus. ‘ You see, ‘tis all fair, &c.

1 *Procl.*

The L O T T E R Y.

1 Procl. Forty Five Thousand Three Hundred and Ten.

2 Procl. Blank.

1 Procl. Sixty One Thousand Ninety Seven.

4 Mob. Stand clear ! stand clear ! that's my Ticket.

2 Procl. Blank.

4 Mob. Oh Lud ! Oh Lud !

1 Procl. Number Four Thousand Nine Hundred Sixty.

2 Procl. Blank.

J. Stocks. Help ! help !

Sug. Here, here are some *Hartshorn* and *Sal-volatile* Drops.

1 Mob. Poor Lady ! I suppose her Ticket is come up Blank.

2 Mob. May be her Horse has thrown her, Neighbour.

[*The Lottery continues drawing in dumb Shew.*

[*Exit crying.*

[*Chloe faints.*

Enter LOVEMORE and JENNY.

J. Stocks. What's the Matter, my Angel ?

Chloe. Oh ! —— that last Blank was my Ticket.

J. Stocks. Ha, ha ! and cou'd that give you any Pain ?

Chloe. Does it not you ?

J. Stocks. Not a Moment's, my Dear, indeed.

Chloe. And can you bear the Disappointment, without upbraiding me ?

J. Stocks. Upbraiding you ! Ha, ha, ha ! With what ?

Chloe. Why, did not you marry me for my Fortune ?

J. Stocks. No, no, my Dear —— I marry'd you for your Person ; I was in love with that only, my Angel.

Chloe. Then the Loss of my Fortune shall give me no longer Un-easiness.

J. Stocks. Loss of your Fortune ! Ha ! How ! What ! What !

Chloe. O my Dear ! I had no Fortune, but what I promis'd myself from the Lottery.

J. Stocks. Ha !

Chloe. So the Devil take all Lotteries, Dreams, and Conjurers.

J. Stocks. The Devil take them, indeed —— and am I marry'd to a Lottery-Ticket, to an imaginary Ten Thousand Pound ? Death ! Hell ! and Furies ! Blood ! Blunders ! Blanks !

Chloe. Is this your Love for me, my Lord ?

J. Stocks. Love for you ! Dem you, Fool, Idiot.

Jenny. This it is to marry a Lord —— he can't be civil to his Wife the first Day.

Enter STOCKS.

Stocks. Madam, The Subscriptions are ready —— and if my Lord ——

J. Stocks. Brother, this is a Trick of yours to ruin me.

Stocks. Heyday ! What's the Matter now ?

J. Stocks.

The L O T T E R Y.

23

J. Stocks. Matter! why, I have had a Levant thrown upon me.
Love'm. The Ten Thousand Pound is come up a Blank, that's all.
Stocks. A Blank?

J. Stocks. Ay, a Blank! do you pretend to be ignorant of it? However, Madam, you are bit as well as I am, for I am no more a Lord, than you are a Fortune.

Chloe. Now I'm undone, indeed.

A I R XX. Virgins beware.

Love'm. Now, my dear Chloe, behold a true Lover,
‘ Whom, tho’ your Cruelty seem’d to disdain,
‘ Now your Doubts and Fears may discover,
‘ One kind Look’s a Reward for his Pain.

‘ Thus to fold thee,
‘ How blest is Life!
‘ Love shall hold thee
‘ Dearer than Wife.

‘ What Joys in Chains of dull Marriage can be?
‘ Love’s only happy, when Liking is free.

As you seem, Sir, to have no overbearing Fondness for your Wife, I'll take her off your Hands.—As you have miss'd a Fortune with her, what say you to a Fortune without her?—Resign over all Pretensions in her to me, and I'll give you a thousand Pound this Instant.

J. Stocks. Ha! Pox; I suppose they are a thousand Pounds you are to get in the Lottery.

Love'm. Sir you shall receive 'em this Moment.

J. Stocks. Shall I? Then, Sir, to shew you I'll be before-hand with you, here she is—take her—and if ever I ask her back of you again, may I lose the whole Thousand at the first Sitting!

Chloe. And can you part with me so easily?

J. Stocks. Part with you? If I was marry'd to the whole Sex, I'd part with 'em all for half the Money.

Love'm. Come, my dear Chloe, had you been marry'd, as you imagined, you should have lost nothing by the Change.

Chloe. A Lord! Faugh! I begin to despise the Name now, as heartily as I lik'd it before.

COMMISSIONERS, &c. close the Wheels, and come forward.

A I R XXI. Set by Mr. S E E D O.

‘ Since you whom I lov’d,
‘ So cruel have prov’d;
‘ And you whom I slighted, so true;
‘ From my delicate fine powder’d Spouse,
‘ I retract all my thrown away Vows,
‘ And give with Pleasure to you.

‘ Hence

The L O T T E R Y.

' Hence all Women learn,
 ' When your Husbands grow stern,
 ' And leave you in conjugal Want;
 ' Ne'er whimper and weep out your Eyes,
 ' While what the dull Husband denies,
 ' Is better supply'd by Gallant.

Stocks. Well, Jack, I hope you'll forgive me, for if I intended you any Harm, may Tickets fall, and all the *Haves* I have let To-day, be drawn Blanks To-morrow!

J. Stocks. Brother, I believe you; for as I do not apprehend you cou'd have got a Shilling by being a Rogue, it is possible you may have been honest.

Lovem. Come, my dear *Chloe*, don't let your Luck grieve you— you are not the only Person has been deceiv'd in a *Lottery*.

A I R XXII.

' That the World is a *Lottery*, what Man can doubt?
 ' When born, we're *put in*, when dead, we're *drawn out*;
 ' And tho' Tickets are bought by the Fool and the Wise,
 ' Yet 'tis plain there are more than ten Blanks to a *Prize*.
 Sing *Tantararara, Fools all, Fools all.*

Stocks. ' The Court has itself a bad *Lottery's Face*,
 ' Where ten draw a *Blank*, before one draws a *Place*;
 ' For a *Ticket in Law* who wou'd give you *Thanks*?
 ' For that *Wheel* contains scarce any but *Blanks*.

Sing *Tantararara, keep out, keep out.*

Lovem. ' Mongst Doctors and Lawyers some good ones are found;
 ' But, alas! they are rare as the *Ten Thousand Pound*.
 ' How scarce is a *Prize*, if with Women you deal,
 ' Take care how you marry—for Oh! in that *Wheel*.
 Sing *Tantararara, Blanks all, Blanks all.*

Stocks. ' That the Stage is a *Lottery*, by all 'tis agreed,
 ' Where ten Plays are damn'd, 'ere one can succeed;
 ' The *Blanks* are so many, the *Prizes* so few,
 ' We all are undone, unless kindly you.

Sing *Tantararara, Clap all, Clap all.*

F I N I S.

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